22333

THE LONDON Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maieſties ſeruants.

By *William Shakeſpeare*,

LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be ſold neere *S. Auſtins* gate, at the ſigne of the pyde Bull.

1605.

THE

LONDON

Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maie-
ties Seruants.

By VVilliam Shakespeare.

LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for Mathewe Lawe, and
are to be sold neere S. Austins gate,
at the signe of the Pyde Bull.
1605.

22333

THE LONDON Prodigall.

Enter old Flowerdale *and his brother.*

Fath. Brother from *Venice*, being thus disguisde,
I come to proue the humours of my sonne:
How hath he borne himselfe since my departure,
I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

Vnck. Ifaith brother so, as you will grieue to heare,
And I almost ashamde to report it.

Fath. Why how ist brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Vnck. How! beyond that? and farre more: why, your exibition is nothing, hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed, protested with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from me, by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall vpon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since, his bond, his friend and friends bond, altho I knowe that hee spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wildnes that raines ouer him.

Fath Brother, what is the manner of his life? howe is the name of his offences? if they do not rellish altogether of damdation, his youth may priuiledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe ranne an vnbrideled course till thirtie, nay almost till fortie, well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eies of discretion, and well balanced with the waites of reason, the course past, seemes so abhominable, that the Landlord of himselfe, which is the heart of his body, will rather intombe him-

ſelfin the earth,or ſeek a new Tenãt to remaine in him,which once ſettled, how much better are they that in their youth haue knowne all theſe vices,and left it, then thoſe that knewe little,and in their age runnes into it?Beleeue me brother,they that dye moſt vertuous,hath in their youth,liued moſt vicious, and none knowes the danger of the fire, more then he that falles intoi: But ſay,how is the courſe of his life?lets heare his particulars.

Vnck. Why Ile tell you brother,hee is a continual ſwearer, And a breaker of his oathes,which is bad.

Vnck. I grant indeed to ſweare is bad, but not in keeping thoſe oathes is better:for who will ſet by a bad thing?
Nay by my faith,I hold this rather a vertue then a vice,
Well,I pray proceede. (the worſt.

Vnck. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by

Fath. By my faith this is none of the worſt neither,for if he Brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him ſhunne it: For what brings man or child,more to vertue,then correctiõ? What raignes ouer him elſe? (ſelfe.

Vnck. He is a great drinker,and one that will forget himſ-

Fath. O beſt of all, vice ſhould be forgotten:let him drink So he drinke not churches. (on,
Nay and this be the worſt,I hold it rather a happines in him, Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Vnck. Brother,he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath. Why you ſee ſo doth the ſea,it borrowes of all the ſmal Currents in the world,to encreaſe himſelfe.

Vnck. I,but the ſea paies it againe,and ſo will neuer your ſon.

Fath. No more would the ſea neither,if it were as dry as my ſonne.

Vnck. Then brother,I ſee you rather like theſe vices in your ſonne, Then any way condemne them. (ſonne,

Fath. Nay miſtake me not brother, for tho I ſlur them ouer now,
As things ſlight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde, It would gall my heart,they ſhould euer raigne in him.

Elow. Ho! whees within ho?

Flowerdale knockes within.

Vnck. Thats

22333

Vnck. That's your ſonne, hee is come to borrowe more money.

Fath. For Godſake giue it out I am dead, ſee how hele take it, Say *I* haue brought you newes from his father. *I* haue here drawne a formall will, as it were from my ſelfe, Which *Ile* deliuer him.

Vnck. Goe too brother, no more: *I* will.

Flow. Vnckle, where are you Vnckle? within,

Vnck. Let my couſen in there.

Fath. *I* am a Sayler come from *Venice*, and my name is (*Chriſtopher.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth Vnckle.

Vnck. In truth would a ſeru'd couſen, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leaue Vnckle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth. A couple of raſcalles at the gate, ſet vpon me for my purſe.

Vnck. You neuer come, but you bring a brawle in your mouth.

Flow. By my truth Vnckle, you muſt needes lend me tenne (pound.

Vnck. Giue my couſen ſome ſmall beere here.

Flow. Nay looke you, you turne it to a ieſt now, by this light, *I* ſhould ryde to *Croydon* fayre, to meete ſyr *Lancelot Spurrock*, *I* ſhould haue his daughter *Luce*, and for ſcuruy Tenne pound, a man ſhal looſe nine hundred three-ſcore and odde pounds, and a daily friend beſide, by this hande Vnckle tis true.

Vnck. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To ſee now: why you ſhall haue my bond Vnckle, or *Tom Whites*, *Iames Brocks*: or *Nick Halls*, as good rapyer and dagger men, as any be in *England*, lets be dambn'd if wee doe not pay you, the worſt of vs all will not damne our ſelues for ten ponnd. A poxe of ten pound.

Vnck. Couſen, this is not the firſt time I haue beleeu'd you.

Flow. Why truſt me now, you know not what may fall: If one thing were but true, *I* would not greatly care,

I ſhould not neede ten pound, but when a man cannot be beleeued, ther's it.

Vnck. Why what is it couſen?

Flow. Mary this Vnckle, can you tell me if the Katernhue be come home or no?

Vnck. I mary iſt.

Flow. By God I thanke you for that newes. What iſt in the poole can you tell?

Vnck. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I haue ſixe peeces of vellet ſent me Ile giue you a peece Vnckle: for thus ſaid the letter, A peece of Aſhcolour, a three pilde black, a colourde deroy, A crimſon, a ſad greene, and a purple: yes yfaith.

Vnck. From whom ſhould you receiue this?

Flow. From who? why from my father? with commendations to you Vnckle, and thus he writes: I know ſaith he, thou haſt much troubled thy kinde Vnckle, whom God-willing at my returne *I* will ſee amply ſatisfied: Amply, I remember was the very word; ſo God helpe me.

Vnck. Haue you the letter here?

Flow. Yes *I* haue the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no let me ſee, what breechs wore I a Satterday: let me ſee, a Tueſday, my Calymanka, a Wedneſday, my peach colour Sattin, a Thurſday my Vellure, a Friday my Callymanka againe, a Satterday, let me ſee a Satterday, for in thoſe breeches I wore a Satterday is the letter: O my ryding breeches Anckle, thoſe that you thought had bene vellet, In thoſe very breeches is the letter.

Vnck. When ſhould it be dated?

Flow. Mary *Didicimo terſios ſeptembris*, no no, *trydiſimo terſios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, ſo it is.

Vnck. *Dieditimo terſios Octobris*: and here receiue *I* a letter that your father dyed in *Iune*: how ſay you *Keſter*?

Fath. Yes truly ſyr, your father is dead, theſe hands of mine ho'pe to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. *I* ſyr dead.

Flow. Sblood, how ſhould my father come dead?

Fath. Yfaith

22333

Fath. Yfaith syr according to the old Prouerbe,
The childe was borne: and cryed, became man,
After fell sicke, and dyed.

Vnck. Nay couſen doe not take it ſo heauily.

Flow. Nay *I* cannon weepe you extempory, mary ſome two or three dayes hence, *I* ſhall weep without any ſtintance. But *I* hope he dyed in good memory.

Fath. Very well ſyr, and ſet downe euery thing in good order,
And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, *I* came ouer in:
And *I* ſaw all the billes of lading, and the vellet
That you talkt of, there is no ſuch aboord.

Flow. By God *I* aſſure you, then there is knauery abroad.

Fath. Ile be ſworne of that: ther's knauery abroad,
Altho there were neuer a peece of vellet in *Venice*.

Flow. *I* hope he dyed in good eſtate.

Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his will,
Of which *I* am an vnworthy bearer.

Flow. His will, haue you his will?

Fath. Yes ſyr, and in the preſence of your Vnckle,
I was willed to deliuer it.

Vnck. *I* hope couſen, now God hath bleſſed you with wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me.

Flow. Ile doe reaſon Vnckle, yet yfaith *I* take the deniall of this tenne pound very hardly.

Vnck. Nay *I* denyde you not.

Flow. By God you denide me directly.

Vnck. Ile be iudge by this good-fellowe.

Fath. Not directly ſyr.

Flow. Why he ſaid he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phraſe holde:
Well Vnckle, come weele fall to the Legaſies,
*I*n the name of God, Amen.

*I*tem, *I* bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred pounds, to pay ſuch trivall debts as *I* owe in *London*.

*I*tem, to my ſonne *Mat Flowerdale*, *I* bequeath two bayle of falſe dyce, *Videlliced*, high men, and loe men, fullomes, ſtop cater traies, and other bones of function.

Flow. Sblood what doth he meane by this?

Vnck. Procee

Vnck. Proceede couſen. (oath;

Flow. Theſe precepts *I* leaue him, let him borrow of his
For of his word no body will truſt him.
Let him by no meanes marry an honeſt woman,
For the other will keepe her ſelfe.
Let him ſteale as much as he can, that a guilty conſcience
May bring him to his deſtinate repentance,
I thinke he meanes hanging. And this were his laſt will and Teſtament, the Diuell ſtood laughing at his beddes feete while he made it. Sblood, what doth hee thinke to fop of his poſteritie with Paradoxes.

Fath. This he made ſyr with his owne hands.

Flow. *I*, well, nay come good Vnckle, let me haue this ten pound, Imagine you haue loſt it, or robd of it, or miſreckond your ſelfe ſo much: any way to make it come eaſily off, good Vnckle.

Vnck. Not a penny.

Fath. Yfaith lend it him ſyr, I my ſelfe haue an eſtate in the Citie worth twenty pound, all that ile ingage for him, he ſaith it concernes him in a marriage.

Flow. I marry doth it, this is a fellow of ſome ſenſe, this: Come good Vnckle.

Vnck. Will you giue your word for it *Keſter*?

Fath. I will ſyr, willingly.

Vnck. Well couſen, come to me ſome hower hence, you ſhall haue it readie.

Flow. Shall I not faile?

Vnck. You ſhall not, come or ſend.

Flow. Nay ile come my ſelfe.

Fath. By my troath, would I were your worſhips man.

Flow. What wouldſt thou ſerue?

Fath. Very willingly ſyr.

Flow. Why ile tell thee what thou ſhalt doe, thou ſaith thou haſt twentie pound, goe into *Burchin Lane*, put thy ſelfe into cloathes, thou ſhalt ride with me to *Croyden* fayre.

Fath. I thanke you ſyr, *I* will attend you.

Flow. Well Vnckle, you will not faile me an hower hence?

Vnck. I will not couſen.

Flow. Whats

22333

Flow. Whats thy name *Keſter*?
Fath. I ſyr.
Flow. Well, prouide thy ſelfe: Vnckle farewell till anon.
Exit Flowerdale.
Vnck. Brother, how doe you like your ſonne?
Fath. Yfaith brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,
Or as a Hawke, that neuer ſtoop'd to lure:
The one muſt be tamde with an yron byt,
The other muſt be watched, or ſtill ſhe is wilde,
Such is my ſonne, awhile let him be ſo:
For counſell ſtill is follies deadly foe.
Ile ſerue his youth, for youth muſt haue his courſe,
For being reſtrainde, it makes him ten times worſe:
His pride, his ryot, all that may be named,
Time may recall, and all his madneſſe tamed.
Enter ſyr *Launcelot*, Maiſter *Weathercocke*, *Daffidill*, *Artichoake*, *Luce*, *and Francke*.
Lance. Syrrha *Artichoake*, get you home before,
And as you proued your ſelfe a calfe in bying,
Driue home your fellow calfes that you haue bought.
Arti. Yes forſooth, ſhall not my fellow *Daffidill* goe along (with me.
Lance. No ſyr, no, I muſt haue one to waite on me.
Arty. *Daffidill*, farewell good fellow *Daffidill*,
You may ſee miſtreſſe, *I* am ſet vp by the halues,
In ſteed of waiting on you, *I* am ſent to driue home calues.
Lance. Yfaith *Francke*, I muſt turne away this *Daffidill*,
Hees growne a very fooliſh ſawcie fellow.
Fran. Indeed law father, he was ſo ſince *I* had him:
Before he was wiſe enough, for a fooliſh ſeruing-man.
Wea. But what ſay you to me ſyr *Lancelot*?
Lance. O, about my daughters, wel *I* will goe forward,
Heers two of them God ſaue them: but the third,
O ſhees a ſtranger in her courſe of life,
Shee hath refuſed you Maiſter *Weathercocke*.
Wea. *I* by the Rood ſyr *Lancelot* that ſhe hath,
But had ſhe tride me, ſhe ſhould a found a man of me indeed.
Lance. Nay be not angry ſyr, at her denjall,

Shee hath refuſde ſeauen of the worſhipfulſt and worthyeſt
houſ-keepers this day in *Kent*:
Indeed ſhe will not marry I ſuppoſe.
Wea. The more foole ſhe.
Lance. What is it folly to loue Charitie?
Wea. No miſtake me not ſyr *Lancelot*,
But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,
That women dying maides, lead apes in hell.
Lance. Thats a fooliſh prouerbe, and a falſe.
Wea. By the maſſe *I* thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:
But who ſhall marry with miſtreſſe *Frances*?
Fran. By my troath they are talking of marrying me ſiſter.
Luce. Peace, let them talke:
Fooles may haue leaue to prattle as they walke.
Daff. Sentesſes ſtill ſweet miſtreſſe,
You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaſter.
Luce. Yfaith and thy tongue trips trench-more.
Lance. No of my knight-hood, not a ſhuter yet:
Alas God helpe her ſillie girle, a foole, a verie foole:
But thers the other black-browes a ſhroad girle,
Shee hath wit at will, and ſhuters two or three:
Syr *Arthur Greene-ſheld* one, a gallant knight,
A valiant ſouldier, but his power but poore.
Then thers yong *Otuer*, the *Deuen-ſhyre* lad,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the rood, but thers a third all aire,
Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young *Flowerdale*.
Wea. O hee ſyr, hees a deſperate dick indeed.
Barre him your houſe.
Lance. Fye not ſo, hees of good parentage.
Wea. By my faie and ſo he is, and a proper man.
Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.
Wea. I marrie, thers the point ſyr *Lancelot*:
For thers an old ſaying,
Be he rich, or be he poore,
Be he hye, or be he lowe:
Be he borne in barne or hall,
Tis maners makes the man and all.

Lance. You

22333

Lance. You are in the right maister *Weathercock.*

Enter Mounsier Ciuet.

Ciuet. Soule, I thinke I am sure crossed,
Or witcht with an owle, I haue hanted them: Inne after Inne, booth, after booth, yet cannot finde them, ha yonder they are, thats she, I hope to God tis shee, nay I know tis shee now, for she treades her shooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this Inne? we are past it *Daffidill.* (before.

Daffidill. The good signe is heere syr, but the back gate is

Ciuet. Saue you syr, I pray may I borrow a peece of a word with you?

Daff. No peeces syr.

Ciu. Why then the whole.
I pray syr, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

Daff. They may be Ladies syr, if the destinies and mortalitie

Ciu. Whats her name syr. (worke.

Daff. Mistresse *Frances Spurcocke*, syr *Lancelott Spurcockes*

Ciu. Is she a maid syr? (daughter.

Daff. You may aske *Pluto*, and dame *Proserpine* that:
I would be loth to be ridelled syr.

Ciu. Is she married I meane syr?

Daff. The Fates knowes not yet what shoe-maker shall make her wedding shooes.

Ciu. I pray where Inne you syr? I would be very glad to bestowe the wine of that gentlewoman.

Daff. At the *George* syr.

Ciu. God saue you syr.

Daff. I pray your name syr?

Ciu. My name is maister *Ciuet* syr.

Daff. A sweet name, God be with you good maister *Ciuet.*

Exit Ciuet.

Lance. A, haue we spide you stout *S. George*?
For all your dragon, you had best selles good wine:
That needs no y'uie-bush, well, weele not sit by it,
As you do on your horse, this roome shall serue:
Drawer, let me haue sacke for vs old men:
For these girles and knaues small wines are best.

A pinte of ſacke, no more.

Draw. A quart of ſack in the three Tunnes,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte *Daffidill*,
Call for wine to make your ſelues drinke.

Fran. And a cup of ſmall beere, and a cake good *Daffidill*.

Enter yong Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fye, ſit in the open roome, now good ſyr *Lancelot*, & my kind friend worſhipfull Maiſter *Weathercock*, What at your pinte, a quart for ſhame.

Lance. Nay Royſter by your leaue we will away.

Flow. Come, giues ſome Muſicke, weele goe dance,
Begone ſyr *Lancelot*, what, and fayre day too?

Lance. Twere fowly done, to dance within the fayre.

Flow. Nay if you ſay ſo, faireſt of all faires,
Then ile not dance, a poxe vpon my tayler,
He hath ſpoyled me a peach colour ſatten ſhute,
Cut vpon cloath of ſiluer, but if euer the Raſcall ſerue me ſuch an other tricke, Ile giue him leaue yfaith to put me in the calender of fooles: and you, and you, ſyr *Lancelot*; and Maiſter *Weathercock*, my gold-ſmyth too on tother ſide, I beſpoke thee *Luce*, a carkenet of gold, and thought thou ſhouldſt a had it for a fayring, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for Oryant Pearle: but thou ſhalt haue it by ſunday night wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Syr, here is one hath ſent you a pottle of renniſh wine, brewed with Roſe-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No ſyr to the knight; and deſires his more acquaintance.

Lance. To me? whats he that proues ſo kind?

Daff. I haue a tricke to know his name ſyr,
He hath a moneths mind here to miſtreſſe *Frances*, his name is maiſter *Ciuet*.

Lance. Call him in *Daffidill*.

Flow. O I know him ſyr, he is a foole,
But reaſonable rich, his father was one of theſe leaſe-mongers, theſe corne-monger-, theſe mony-mongers, but he neuer had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter maiſter Ciuet.

22333

Lance. I promiſe you ſyr, you are at too much charge.

Cynet. The charge is ſmall charge ſyr,
I thanke God my father left me wherewithall, if it pleaſe you ſyr, I haue a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way (of marriage.

Lance. I thanke you ſyr: pleaſe you come to *Lewſome* to my poore houſe, you ſhall be kindly welcome: *I* knewe your father, he was a wary husband: to paie here Drawer.

Draw. All is paid ſyr: this gentleman hath paid all.

Lance. Yfaith you do vs wrong,
But we ſhall liue to make amends ere long:
Maiſter *Flowerdale*, is that your man?

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knaue.

Lance. Nay then *I* thinke you will turne wiſe,
Now you take ſuch a ſeruant:
Come, youle ride with vs to *Lewſome*; lets away,
Tis ſcarce two howres to the end of day. (*Exit Omnes.*

Enter ſyr Arthur Green-ſhood, Olyuer, *Lieutenant and Souldiers.*

Aur. Lieuſtenant, leade your Souldiers to the ſhips,
There let them haue their coates, at their arriuall
They ſhall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

Sol. I, we are now ſent away, and cannot ſo much as ſpeake with our friends.

Oly. No man what ere you vſed a zutch a faſhion, thicke you cannot take your leaue of your vreens.

Aur. Fellow no more, Lieuſtenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes,
Ile venture a running away tho *I* hang fort.

Aur. Away ſurrha, charme your tongue.

Exit Souldiers.

Oly. Bin and you a preſſer ſyr?

Aur. I am a commander ſyr vnder the King.

Oly. Sfoot man, and you bee nere zutch a commander Shud a ſpoke with my vreens before I chid agone, ſo ſhud.

Aur. Content your ſelfe man, my authority will ſtretch to preſſe ſo good a man as you.

Oly. Preſſe me? I deuye, preſſe ſcoundrells, and thy meſſels:

Presse me, chee scornes thee yfaith: For seest thee, heres a worshipfull knight knowes, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Enter syr Lancelet Weathercocke, yong Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck.

Lance. Syr *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my troath, Whats the matter man, why are you vext?

Oly. Why man he would presse me.

Lance. O Fie syr *Arthur*, presse him? he is man of reckoning.

Wea. I that he is syr *Arthur*, he hath the nobles, The golden ruddockes he.

Ar. The fitter for the warres: and were he not in fauour With your worships, he should see, That I haue power to presse so good as he.

Oly. Chill stand to the triall, so chill.

Flow. I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie, White pot and drowsen broath: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oly. Well syr, tho you see vlouten cloath and karsie, chee a zeene zutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken Iacket, as thick a one you weare.

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

Oly. A and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest thincke cham a vearde of thy zilken coate, no fer vere thee.

Lance. Nay come no more, be all louers and friends.

VVea. I tis best so, good maister *Oliuer*.

Flow. Is your name maister *Oliuer* I pray you?

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieue you.

Flow. No but Ide gladly know if a man might not haue a foolish plot out of maister *Oliuer* to worke vpon.

Oly. Worke thy plots vpon me, stand a side, worke thy foolish plots vpon me, chil so vse thee, thou weart neuer so vsed since thy dame bound thy head, worke vpon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oly. Zyrrha, zyrrha, if it were not vor shame, chee would a giuen

22333

giuen thee zutch a whiſter poope vnder the eare, chee would a made thee a vanged an other at my feete : ſtand a ſide let me looſe, cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; Stand aſide.

Flow. Well I forbeare you for your friends ſake.

Oly. Avig for all my vreens, doeſt thou tell me of my (vreens?

Lance. No more good maiſter *Oliuer*, no more ſyr *Arthur*, And maiden, here in the ſight of all your ſhuters, euery man of worth, *Ile* tell you whom *I* faineſt would preferre to the hard bargine of your marriage bed: ſhall *I* be plaine among you gentlemen?

Arty. *I* ſyr tis beſt.

Lance. Then ſyr, firſt to you, *I* doe confeſſe you a moſt gallant knight, a worthy ſouldier, and an honeſt man: but honeſtie maintaines a french-hood, goes very ſeldome in a chain of gold, keepes a ſmall traine of ſeruants: hath fewe friendes: and for this wilde oates here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not iudge, God can worke myracles, but hee were better make a hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honeſt one.

Wea. Beleeue me he hath byt you there, he hath touched you to the quicke, that hath he.

Flow. Woodcocke a my ſide, why maiſter *Weathercocke* you know *I* am honeſt, howſoeuer triffles.

Wea. Now by my troath, I knowe no otherwiſe,
O your old mother was a dame indeed:
Heauen hath her ſoule, and my wiues too *I* truſt:
And your good father, honeſt gentleman,
He is gone a Iourney as I heare, far hence.

Flow. *I* God be praiſed, he is far enough,
He is gone a pylgrimage to Paradice.
And left me to cut a caper againſt care,
Luce looke on me that am as light as ayre.

Luce. Yfaith I like not ſhadowes, bubbles, broath,
I hate a light a loue, as I hate death.

Lance. Gyrle hold thee there: looke on this Deuen-ſhyre (lad:
Fat, faire, and louely, both in purſe and perſon.

Oly. Well

Oly. Well ſyr, cham as the Lord hath made me,
You know me well yuine, cha haue three-ſcore packe a karſay, and blackem hal, and chiefe credit beſide, and my fortunes may be ſo good as an others, zoe it may.

Lance. Tis you *I* loue, whatſoeuer others ſay?

Ar. Thanks fayreſt.

Flow. What wouldſt thou haue me quarrell with him?

Fath. Doe but ſay he ſhall heare from you.

Lance. Yet gentleman, howſoeuer I preferre this Deuenſhyre ſhuter,
Ile enforce no loue, my daughter ſhall haue liberty to chooſe whom ſhe likes beſt, in your loue ſhute proceed:
Not all of you, but onely one muſt ſpeed.

Wea. You haue ſed well: indeed right well.

Enter Artychocak.

Arty. Miſtreſſe heeres one would ſpeake with you, my fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the ſellor already, he knowes him, he met him at *Croyden* fayre.

Lance. O *I* remember a little man.

Arty. I a very little man.

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arty. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name is Mounſier *Cinet.*

Arty. The ſame ſyr.

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other ſhuters come,
My fooliſh daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my ſaint, no man dare moue.

Exit at all but young Flowerdale *and* Olyuer, *and old* Flowerdale.

Flow. Harke you ſyr, a word.

Oly. What ha an you to ſay to me now?

Flow. Ye ſhall heare from me, and that very ſhortly.

Oly. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not, a vig.

Exit Olyuer.

Flow. What if ſhould come more? *I* am fairely dreſt.

Fath. I doe not meane that you ſhall meete with him,
But preſently weele goe and draw a will:
Where weele ſet downe land, that we neuer ſawe,

And

22333

And we will haue it of ſo large a ſumme,
Syr *Lancelot* ſhall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, giue it maiſter *Weathercocke*,
And make ſyr *Lancelots* daughter heire of all;
And make him ſweare, neuer to ſhow the will
To any one, vntil that you be dead,
This done, the fooliſh changing *Weathercocke*,
Will ſtraight diſcourſe vnto ſyr *Lancelot*,
The forme and tenor of your Teſtament,
Nor ſtand to pauſe of it, be rul'de by mee:
What will inſhue, that ſhall you quickly ſee.
Flow. Come lets about it: if that a will ſweet *Kyt*,
Can get the wench, I ſhall renowne thy wit.

Exit omnes.

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Miſtreſſe ſtill froward?
No kind lookes vnto your *Daffidill*, now by the Gods.
Luce. Away you fooliſh knaue, let my hand goe.
Daff. There is your hand, but this ſhall goe with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.
Luce. Ile haue your coate ſtript ore your eares for this,
You ſawcie raſcall.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. How now maid, what is the newes with you?
Luce. Your man is ſomething ſawcie. *Exit Luce.*
Lance. Goe too ſyrrha, *Ile* talke with you anon.
Daff. Syr I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horſe I tro:
I Know my ſtrength, then no more then ſo.
VVea. A by the matkins, good ſyr *Lancelot*, I ſaw him the other day hold vp the bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
Ifaith God a marcie lad, I like thee well.
Lance. *I*, *I*, like him well, go ſyrrha fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere I part with maiſter *VVeathercocke*,
We may drinke downe our farewell in French wine.
VVea. I thanke you ſyr, *I* thanke you friendly knight,
Ile come and viſit you, by the mouſe-foot *I* will:
In the meane time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

He is a desperate dyck *I* warrant you.

Lance. He is, he is: fill *Daffidill*, fill me some wine, ha, what weares he on his arme?
My daughter *Luces* bracelet, *I* tis the same:
Ha to you maister *Weathercocke*.

VVea. *I* thanke you syr; Here *Daffidill*, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well, ile take my leaue good knight, and hope to haue you and all your daughters at my poore house, in good (sooth *I* must.

Lance. Thankes maister *VVeathercocke*, I shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

VVea. And welcome, hartily farewell. (*Exit VVeathercocke.*

Lance. Syrrha *I* saw my daughters wrong, and withall her bracelet on your arme, off with it: and with it my liuery too, Haue I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe syrrha from my house, or ile whip you hence.

Daff. *I*le not be whipped syr, theres your liuery.
(*Exit Daffidill.*

This is a seruiegmans reward, what care *I*,
I haue meanes to trust too: *I* scorne seruice *I*.

Lance. I a lusty knaue, but I must let him goe,
Our seruants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter syr Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Syr, as *I* am a maid, *I* doe affect you aboue any shuter that I haue, altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

Ar. *I* am a souldier, and a gentleman,
Knowes what belonges to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loues me, *I* am her faithfull knight.

Luce. *I* neither doubt your vallour, nor your loue, but there be some that bares a souldiers forme, that sweares by him they neuer thinke vpon, goes swaggering vp and downe from house to house, crying God payes: and.

Ar: Ifaith Lady ile discry you such a man,
Of them there be many which you haue spoke off,

That

22333

That beare the name and ſhape of ſouldiers,
Yet God knowes very ſeldome ſaw the war:
That haunt your Tauerns, and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houſes ſometimes, for all a-like
To vphold the brutiſh humour of their mindes,
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of diſpare:
Their mirth begins in wine, but endes in blood,
Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet theſe are great gentlemen ſouldiers.

Ar. No they are wretched ſlaues,
Whoſe deſperate liues doth bring them timeleſſe graues.

Luce. Both for your ſelfe, and for your forme of life,
If I may chooſe, ile be a ſouldiers wife.

Enter ſyr Lancelot and Oliuer.

Oli. And tyt truſt to it ſo then.

Lance. Aſhure your ſelfe,
You ſhall be married with all ſpeed we may:
One day ſhall ſerue for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vaine know the time, for prouiding wedding rayments.

Lance. Why no more but this, firſt get your aſhurance made, touching my daughters ioynter, that diſpatched, we wil in two daies make prouiſion.

Oli. Why man chil haue the writings made by to morrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then, lets meet at the kings head in fiſhſtreet.

Oli. No fie man no, lets meet at the Roſe at *Temple-bar*,
That will be nearer your counſellor and mine.

Lance. At the Roſe, be it then the hower nine,
He that comes laſt, forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no paymēt, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Maiſter, here is a man would ſpeake with maiſter *Oliuer*, he comes from young maiſter *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill ſpeake with him, chill ſpeake with him.

Lance. Nay ſonne *Oliuer*, ile ſhurely ſee,
What young *Flowerdale* hath ſent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrell.

Oly. Why man if he quarrell with me, chill giue him his hands full.

Fath. God saue you good syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. Welcome honest friend. (*Enter old Flowerdale.*

Fath. To you and yours my maister wisheth health,
But vnto you syr this, and this he sendes:
There is the length syr of his rapier,
And in that paper shall you know his mind.

Oly. Here chill meet him my vreend, chill meet him.

Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin fye.

Oly. And *I* doe not meete him, chill giue you leaue to call *M:* cut, where ist syrrha? where ist? where ist?

Fath. The letter showes both the time and place,
And if you be a man, then keepe your word.

Lance. Syr he shal not keepe his word, he shal not meet.

Fath. Why let him choose, heele be the better knowne
For a base rascall, and reputed so.

Oly. Zyrrha, zyrrha: and tweare not an old fellow, and sent after an arrant, chill giue thee something, but chud be no mony: But hold thee, for *I* see thou art somewhat testorne, holde thee, theres vortie shillings, bring thy maister a veeld, chil giue thee vortie more, looke thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him, he was nere so vsed since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capyring any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seeme a man, stout and resolute,
And *I* will so report, what ere befall.

Lance. And fall out ill, assure thy maister this,
Ile make him flye the land, or vse him worse.

Fath. My maister syr, deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde.

Lance. Thy maister is an vnthrift, you a knaue,
And ile attache you first, next clap him vp:
Or haue him bound vnto his good behauiour.

Oly. *I* wood you were a sprite if you do him any harme for this: And you doe, chill nere see you, nor any of yours, while chill haue eyes open: what doe you thinke, chil be abaffelled vp and downe the towne for a messell, and a scoundrel, no chy bor you: zyrrha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fath. Well

22333

Fath. Well sir, my Maister deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde. *Exit.*

Oly. No matter, he's an vnthrift, I defie him.

Lanc. No, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

Oly. Now chy vore you.

Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oly. Nay, chill watch you for zucth a tricke.
But if che meet him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my daughters loue?
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

Oly. Why man, chill not kill him, marry chill veze him too, and againe; and zoe God be with you vather.
What man, we shall met to morrow. *Exit.*

Lanc. Who would a thought he had bin so desperate.
Come forth my honest seruant *Artichoake.* *Enter Artic.*

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawle toward, I warrant you.

Lanc. Goe get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler mended, O for that knaue, that Vyllaine *Daffidill* would haue done good seruice. But to thee.

Art. I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where is he: but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a strawe, then out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate ouer his eares. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill.*

Art. Why there tis now: our yeares wages and our vailes will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidill* bee a tother side, that's flat.

Lanc. Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and bee at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging of the Deuon-shire Youth, but be vnseene: and as he goes out, as he will goe out, and that very earely without doubt.

Art. What would you haue me draw vpon him,
As he goes in the streete?

Lanc. Not for a world man; into the fields.

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*,
Take thou the part of *Oliuer* my sonne, for he shal be my son,
And marry *Luce*: Doest vnderstand me knaue?

Arty. I syr I doe vnderstand you, but my young mistresse might be better prouided in matching with my fellowe *Daf-*
Lance. No more; *Daffidill* is a knaue: (*fidill,*
That *Daffidill* is a most notorious knaue. (*Exit.*

Enter Weathercocke.

Maister *Weathercocke*, you come in happy time, The desperat *Flowerdale* hath writ a challenge: And who thinke you must answere it? but the Deuenshyre man, my sonne *Oliuer*.

Wea. Mary I am sory for it good syr *Lancelot*,
But if you will be ruled by me, weele stay the furie.

Lance. As how *I* pray?

Wea. Marry ile tell you, by promising yong *Flowerdale* the red lipped *Luce*.

Lance. Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

Wea. I syr *Lancelot I* would haue thought so too, but you and I haue bene deceiued in him, come read this will, or deed, or what you call it, *I* know not: Come, come, your spectacles (I pray.

Lance. Nay I thanke God, *I* see very well.

Wea. Marry God blesse your eyes, mine hath bene dim almost this thirtie yeares,

Lance. Ha what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true loue indeede, he gaue it to me but this very morne, and bid me keepe it vnseene from any one, good youth, to see, how men may be deceiued.

Lance. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this louing youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* hee loues so deare, executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All, all good man, he hath giuen you all.

Lance. Three ships now in the straits, & homewardbound,
Two Lordships of two hundred pound a yeare:
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster*-shyre:
Debts and accounts, are thirtie thousand pound,

Plate

22333

Plate, mony, Iewels, 16. thousand more,
Two houſen furniſhed well in *Cole-man* ſtreet:
Beſide whatſoeuer his Vnckle leaues to him,
Being of great demeanes and wealth at *Peckham*.

Wea. How like you this good knight? how like you this?

Lance. I haue done him wrong, but now ile make amends,
The Deuen-ſhyre man ſhall whiſtle for a wife,
He marrie Luce, Luce ſhall be *Flowerdales*.

Wea. Why that is friendly ſaid, lets ride to London and preuent their match, by promiſing your daughter to that louely lad.

Lance. Weele ride to London, or it ſhall not need,
Weele croſſe to *Dedfort-ſtrand*, and take a boat:
Where be theſe knaues? what *Artichoake*, what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Heere be the very knaues, but not the merry knaues.

Lance. Here take my cloake, ile haue a walke to *Dedford*.

Arty. Syr wee haue bin ſcouring of our ſwords and bucklers for your defence.

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your ſwordes ruſt, ile haue no fighting: I, let blowes alone, bid *Delia* ſee all things be in readineſſe againſt the wedding, weele haue two at once, and that will ſaue charges maiſter *Weathercocke*.

Arty. Well we will doe it ſyr.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Ciuet, Francke, and Delia.

Ciu. By my truth this is good lucke, I thanke God for this, In good ſooth I haue euen my harts deſire: ſiſter *Delia*, now I may boldly call you ſo, for your father hath franck and freely giuen me his daughter *Francke*.

Fran. I by my troth *Tom*, thou haſt my good will too, for I thanke God I longed for a husband, and would I might neuer ſtir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why ſiſter now you haue your wiſh.

Ciu. You ſay very true ſiſter *Delia*, and I prethee call me nothing but *Tom*: and ile call thee ſweetheart, and *Franck*: will it not doe well ſiſter *Delia*?

Delia. It

Delia. It will doe very well with both of you. (ed?

Fran. But *Tom*, must I goe as I doe now when I am marri-

Cit. No *Francke*, ile haue thee goe like a Citizen
In a garded gowne, and a French-hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintaine your wife to your estate,
Apparell you your selfe like to your father:
And let her goe like to your ancient mother,
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adue.

Cit. So as my father and my mother went, thats a iest indeed, why she went in a fripged gowne, a single ruffe, and a white cap.
And my father in a mocado coat, a paire of red satten sleeues, and a canuis backe.

Delia. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Cit. My estate, my estate *I* thank God is fortie pound a yere, in good leases and tenements, besides twenty marke a yeare at cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, tis very fitly plyed,
I know not how it comes, but so it falles out
That those whose fathers haue died wonderous rich,
And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leaue behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like minde.
But falles out contrary, forty yeares sparing
Is scarce three seuen yeares spending, neuer caring
What will insue, when all their coyne is gone,
And all too late, then thrift is thought vpon:
Oft haue *I* heard, that pride and ryot kist,
And then repentance cryes, for had *I* wist.

Cit. You say well sister *Delia*, you say well: but I meane to liue within my boundes: for looke you, I haue set downe my rest thus farre, but to maintaine my wife in her french-hood, and her coach, keepe a couple of geldings, and a brace of gray-hounds, and this is all ile doe.

Delia. And youle do this with fortie pound a yeare?

Cit. *I*, and a better penny sister.

Fran. Sister

22333

Fran. Sister you forget that at couckolds-hauen.

Cin. By my troath well remembred *Franeke*,
Ile giue thee that to buy thee pinnes.

Delia. Keepe you the rest for points, alas the day,
Fooles shall haue wealth, tho all the world say nay:
Come brother will you in, dinner staies for vs.

Cin. I good sister with all my heart.

Fran. I by my troath *Tom*, for *I* haue a good stomacke.

Cin. And I the like sweet *Franeke*, no sister
Doe not thinke ile goe beyond my boundes.

Delia. God grant you may not.

(Exit Omnes.

Enter young Flowerdale and his father, with foyles in their handes.

Flow. Syrrha *Kyt*, tarrie thou there, I haue spied syr *Lancelot*, and old *Weathercocke* comming this way, they are hard at hand, I will by no meanes be spoken withall.

Fath. Ile warrant you, goe get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. Now my honest friend, thou doest belong to maister *Flowerdale*?

Fath. *I* doe syr.

Lance. Is he within my good fellow?

Fath. No syr he is not within.

Lance. *I* prethee if he be within, let me speake with him.

Fath. Syr to tell you true, my maister is within, but indeed would not be spoke withall: there be some tearmes that stands vpon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conference till he hath shooke them off.

Lance. I prethee tell him his verie good friend syr *Lancelot Spurcocke*, intreates to speake with him.

Fath. By my troath syr, if you come to take vp the matter betweene my maister and the Deuen-shyre man, you doe but beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

Lance. Honest friend, *I* haue not any such thing to him, *I* come to speake with him about other matters.

Fath. For my maister syr hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeeme his honour, or leaue his life behind him.

Lance. My friend *I* doe not know any quarrell, touching

Thy maister or any other person, my businesse is of a different nature to him, and *I* prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoeuer the Deuenshire man is, my maisters
Mind is bloody: thats a round O,
And therefore syr, intreatie is but vaine:

Lance. *I* haue no such thing to him, I tell thee once againe.

Fath. *I* will then so signifie to him. (*Exit Father.*

Lance. A syrrha, *I* see this matter is hotly carried,
But ile labour to disswade him from it, (*Enter Flowerdale.*
Good morrow maister *Flowerdale.*

Flow. Good morrow good syr *Lancelot*, good morrowe maister *Weathercocke.*
By my troath gentlemen, I haue bene a reading ouer
Nick Matchiuill, I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed:
A pestilent humane fellow, I haue made
Certaine anatations of him such as they be:
And how ist syr *Lancelot*? ha? how ist?
A mad world, men cannot liue quiet in it. (iarre

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, *I* doe vnderstand there is some
Betweene the Deuen-shyre man and you.

Fath. They syr? they are good friends as can be.

Flow. Who maister *Oliuer* and *I*? as good friends as can be.

Lance. It is a kind of safetie in you to denie it, and a generous
Silence, which too few are indued withall: *But* syr, such
A thing *I* heare, and *I* could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing syr *Lancelot*, a my reputation,
As *I* am an honest man.

Lance. Now I doe beleeue you then, if you doe
Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay *I* doe not ingage my reputation there is not,
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse:
But if there be any thing betweene vs, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.

Lance. *I* doe perceiue by this, that there is something betweene you, and *I* am very sorie for it.

Flow. You may be deceiued syr *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretie saying, *Questo*? *I* haue forgot it too,
Tis out of my head, but in my translation

22333

If hold thus, thou haſt a friend, keepe him. (If a foe, trip him.
Lance. Come, I doe ſee by this there is ſomewhat betweene
And before God I could wiſh it otherwiſe. you.
Flow. Well what is betweene vs, can hardly be altered:
Syr *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I muſt ride, no man muſt denie
Me the Sunne, I would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and generall paſſage. If any one
Saith *Flowerdale*, thou paſſeſt not this way:
My anſwere is, I muſt either on or returne,
But returne is not my word, I muſt on:
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the laſt for me, and thers the fine.
Lance. Maiſter *Flowerdale*, euery man hath one tongue,
And two eares, nature in her building,
Is a moſt curious worke-maiſter.
Flow. That is as much to ſay, a man ſhould heare more
Then he ſhould ſpeake.
Lance. You ſay true, and indeed I haue heard more,
Then at this time I will ſpeake,
Flow. You ſay well,
Lance. Slanders are more common then troathes maiſter
But proofe is the rule for both. (*Flowerdale*:
Flow. You ſay true, what doe you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?
Lance. I haue heard you haue bin wild: I haue beleeued it.
Flow. T'was fit, twas neceſſarie,
Lance. But I haue ſeene ſomewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodneſſe toward you.
Flow. Yfaith ſyr, I am ſhure I neuer did you harme:
Some good I haue done, either to you or yours,
I am ſhure you know not, neither is it my will you ſhould.
Lance. I your will ſyr,
Flow. I my will ſyr: is foot doe you know ought of my will?
Begod and you doe ſyr, I am abuſed.
Lance. Goe maiſter *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know:
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly loue you. For my daughter,

She yours. And if you like a marriage better
Then a brawle, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me presently: And where you should fight a bloodie battle, you shall be married to a louely Ladie.

Flow. Nay but syr *Lancelot*?

Lance. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self thus much, I will haue order to hinder your incounter.

Flow. Nay but heare me syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. Nay stand not you vpon imputatiue honour,
Tis meerely vnsound, vnprofitable, and idle:
Inferences your businesis to wedde my daughter, therefore giue me your present word to doe it, ile goe and prouide the maid, therefore giue mee your present resoluuion, either now (or neuer.

Flow. Will you so put me too it?

Luce. I afore God, either take me now, or take me neuer,
Else what I thought should be our match, shal be our parting,
So fare you well for euer.

Flow. Stay: fall out, what may fall, my loue
Is aboue all: I will come.

Lance. I expect you, and so fare you well.
(*Exit syr Lancelot.*

Fath. Now syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparell?

Flow. By the masse thats true: now helpe *Kyt*,
The marriage ended, weele make amendes for all.

Fath. Well no more, prepare you for your bride,
We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I haue my dower,
In mirth weele spend,
Full many a merry hower:
As for ths wench, I not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

Fath. Is't possible, he hath his second liuing,
Forsaking God, himselfe to the diuel giuing:
But that I knew his mother firme and chast,
My heart would say, my hed she had disgrast:
Else would I sweare, he neuer was my sonne,
But her faire mind, so fowle a deed did shun.

Exeunt

22333

Enter Vnckle.

Vnck. How now brother, how doe you find your ſonne?
Fath. O brother, heedleſſe as a libertine,
Euen growne a maiſter in the ſchoole of vice,
One that doth nothing, but inuent deſceit:
For all the day he humours vp and downe,
How he the next day might deceiue his friend,
He thinkes of nothing but the preſent time:
For one groat readie down, heele pay a ſhilling,
But then the lender muſt needes ſtay for it.
When I was young, I had the ſcope of youth,
Both wild, and wanton, careleſſe and deſperate:
But ſuch mad ſtraines, as hee's poſſeſt withall,
I thought it wonder for to dreame vpon.
Vnck. I told you ſo, but you would not beleeue it.
Fath. Well I haue found it, but one thing comforts me
Brother, to morrow hee's to be married
To beautious *Luce*, ſyr *Lancelots Spurcocks* daughter.
Vnck. Iſt poſſible?
Fath. Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him,
This day brother, I will you ſhall arreſt him:
If any thing will tame him, it muſt be that,
For he is ranck in miſchiefe, chained to a life,
That will increaſe his ſhame, and kill his wife.
Vnck. What, arreſt him on his wedding day?
That were vnchriſtian, and an vnhumane part:
How many couple euen for that very day,
Hath purchaſt 7. yeares ſorrow afterward?
Forbeare him then to day, doe it to morrow,
And this day mingle not his ioy with ſorrow.
Fath. Brother ile haue it done this very day,
And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:
Doe but obſerue the courſe that he will take,
Vpon my life he will forſweare the debt:
And for weele haue the ſumme ſhall not be ſlight,
Say that he owes you neere three thouſand pound:
Good brother let be done immediately.

Vnck. Well, seeing you will haue it so,
Brother ile doot, and straite prouide the Sheriffe.
Eath. So brother, by this meanes shall we perceiue
What syr *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected too him.
Her loue will then be tried to the vttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother what *I* will doo,
Shall harme him much, and much auaile him too.
(*Exit.*

Oly. Cham assured thick be the place, that the scoundrell
Appointed to meet me, if a come zo: if a come not, zo:
And che war avise, he should make a coystrell an vs,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and give it him too, and againe, zo chud:
Who bin a there syr *Arthur*, chil staie aside.

Ar. *I* haue dogd the Deuen-shyre man into the field,
For feare of any harme that should befall him:
I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:
Tho of my soule, *Oliuer* feares him not,
Yet for ide see faire play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tride.
God morrow to maister *Oliuer*.

Oli. God an good morrow.

Ar. What maister *Oliuer* are you angry?

Oli. Why an it be, tyt and greeuen you?

Ar. Not me at all syr, but *I* imagine
By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withall.

Oli. Why and he doe, che would not dezire you to take his (part.

Ar. No by my troath, I thinke you need it not,
For he you looke for, *I* thinke meanes not to come. (place.

Oli. No & che war assure a that, ched avese him in a nother

Daff. O syr *Arthur*, maister *Oliuer*, aye me, (*Enter Daffield.*
Your loue, and yours, and mine, sweet mistresse *Lucy*,
This morne is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Ar. Married to *Flowerdale*! tis impossible.

Oli. Married man, che hope thou doest but iest:

To

22333

To make an a volowten meryment of it.

Daf. O tis too true. Here comes his Vncle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriffe, Officers.

Vncle. God morrow sir *Arthur*, good morrow M. *Oliuer*.

Oly. God and good morne M. *Flowerdale*. I pray you tellen (vs,
Is your scoundrell kinsman married?

Arth. M. *Oliuer*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed
To sir *Launcelots* daughter here.

Vncle. Sir *Arthur*, vnto her?

Oly. I, ha the olde vellow zarued me thick tricke,
Why man he was a promise, chil chud a had her,
Is a zitch a voxe, chill looke to his water che vor him.

Vncle. The musicke playes, they are comming from the Church.
Sheriffe doe your Office: fellowes, stand stoutly too it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oly. God giue you ioy, as the old zaid Prouerbe is, and some zorrow among. You met vs well, did you not?

Lance. Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,
I haue done all the wrong, kept him from comming to the field to you, as I might sir, for I am a Iustice, and sworne to keepe the peace.

Whe. I marry is he sir, a very Iustice, and sworne to keepe the peace, you must not disturbe the weddings.

Lanc. Nay, neuer frowne nor storme sir, if you doe,
Ile haue an order taken for you.

Oly. Well, Well, chill be quiet.

Whe. M. *Flowerdale*, sir *Lancelot*, looke you who here is? M. *Flowerdale*.

Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

Flow. Vncle, this is she yfaith: Maister Vnder-sheriffe
Arrest me? at whose sute? draw *Kit*.

Vnc. At my sute sir.

Lance. Why whats the matter M. *Flowerdale*?

Vnc. This is the matter sir, this vnthrift here,
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
To seuerall summes three thousand pound.

Flow. Why Vncle, Vncle.

Vncle

Vnck. Couſen, couſen, you haue vnckled me,
And if you be not ſtaid, youle proue
A couſoner vnto all that know you.
Lance. Why ſyr, ſuppoſe he be to you in debt
Ten thouſand pound, his ſtate to me appeare,
To be at leaſt three thouſand by the yeare.
Vnck. O ſyr, I was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to couſen you:
And formde a will, and ſent it to your good
Friend there maiſter *Weathercocke*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lyes.
Lance. Ha, hath he not ſuch Lordſhips, landes, and ſhippes?
Vnck. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfepenie he.
Lance. I pray tell vs true, be plaine young *Flowerdale*?
Flow. My vnckle here mad, and diſpoſed to do me wrong,
But heer's my man, an honeſt fellow
By the lord, and of good credit, knowes all is true.
Fath. Not I ſyr, I am too old to lye, I rather know
You forgde a will, where euery line you writ,
You ſtudied where to coate your landes might lye.
Wea. And I prethee, where be thy honeſt friends?
Fath. Yfaith no where ſyr, for he hath none at all.
Wea. Benedicitie, we are ore wretched I beleeue.
Lance. I am couſend, and my hopefulſt child vndone.
Flow. You are not couſend, nor is ſhe vndone,
They ſlaunder me, by this light they ſlander me;
Looke you, my vnckle heres an vſurer, and would vndoe me,
But ile ſtand in law, do you but baile me, you ſhal do no more:
You brother *Ciuet*, and maiſter *Weathercocke*, doe but
Baile me, and let me haue my marriage mony
Paid me, and weele ride downe, and there your owne
Eyes ſhall ſee, how my poore tenants there wil welcome me.
You ſhall but baile me, you ſhall doe no more,
And you greedy gnat, their baile will ſerue.
Vnck. I ſyr, ile aske no better baile,
Lance. No ſyr you ſhall not take my baile, nor his,
Nor my ſonne *Ciuets*, ile not be cheated I,
Shreeue take your priſoner, ile not deale with him:

Lets

22333

Let's Vncle make falſe dice with his falſe bones,
I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld, & wronged.
Come Girle, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou ſhalt not liue with him in beggers hell.
Luc. He is my husband, & hie heauen doth know,
With what vnwillingneſſe I went to Church,
But you inforced me, you compelled me too it:
The holy Church-man pronounced theſe words but now,
I muſt not leaue my husband in diſtreſſe:
Now I muſt comfort him, not goe with you.
Lanc. Comfort a cozoner? on my curſe forſake him.
Luce. This day you cauſed me on your curſe to take him:
Doe not *I* pray my greiued ſoule oppreſſe,
God knowes my heart doth bleed at his diſtreſſe. (match,
Lanc. *O M. Weathercock*, *I* muſt confeſſe I forced her to this
Led with opinion his falſe will was true.
Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached me too. (ſtate.
Lanc. She might haue liued like *Delia*, in a happie Virgins
Delia. Father be patient, ſorrow comes too late.
Lance. And on her knees ſhe begd & did entreat,
If ſhe muſt needes taſte a ſad marriage life,
She craued to be ſir *Arthur Greene-ſheilds* wife.
Ar. You haue done her & me the greater wrong.
Lanc. *O* take her yet. *Arthur.* Not I.
Lanc. *Or*, M. *Oliuer*, except my child, and halfe my wealth
is yours. *Oly.* No ſir, chil breake no Lawes.
Luce. Neuer feare, ſhe will not trouble you.
Delia. Yet ſiſter in this paſſion doe not runne headlong to
confuſion. You may affect him, though not follow him.
Frank. Doe ſiſter, hang him, let him goe.
Wea. Doe faith Miſtreſſe *Luce*, leaue him.
Luc. You are three groſſe fooles, let me alone,
I ſweare ile liue with him in all mone.
Oly. But an he haue his legges at libertie,
Cham averd hee will neuer liue with you.

Art. I but hee is now in huckſters handling for running
Lanc. Huswife, you heare how you and I am wrongd, (away.
And if you will redreſſe it yet you may:
But if you ſtand on tearmes to follow him,
Neuer come neere my ſight nor looke on me,
Call me not father, looke not for a groat,
For all thy portion I wil this day giue
Vnto thy ſyſter *Frances.*
Fran. How ſay you to that *Tom*, I ſhall haue a good deale,
Beſides ile be a good wife: and a good wife
Is a good thing, I can tell.
Cim. Peace *Franck*, I would be ſorry to ſee thy ſiſter
Caſt away, as I am a Gentleman.
Lance. What, are you yet reſolued?
Luc. Yes, I am reſolued.
Lanc. Come then away, or now, or neuer come.
Luc. This way I turne, goe you vnto your feaſt,
And I to weepe, that am with griefe oppreſt.
Lanc. For euer flie my ſight: come gentlemen
Lets in, ile helpe you to far better wiues then her.
Delia vpon my bleſſing talke not too her,
Bace Baggage, in ſuch haſt to beggery?
Vnc. Sheriffe take your priſoner to your charge.
Flo. Vncle, be-god you haue vſd me very hardly,
By my troth, vpon my wedding day.

Exit all: yong Flowerdale, his father, Vncle, Sheriffe, and Officers.

Luc. O *M. Flowerdale*, but heare me ſpeake,
Stay but a little while good M. Sheriffe,
If not for him, for my ſake pittie him:
Good ſyr ſtop not your eares at my complaint,
My voyce growes weake, for womens words are faint.
Flow. Looke you Vncle, ſhe kneeles to you.

Vncle.

22333

Vnc. Faire maid, for you, *I* loue you with my heart,
And greeue ſweet ſoule thy fortune is ſo bad,
That thou ſhouldſt match with ſuch a graceleſſe Youth,
Go to thy father, thinke not vpon him,
Whom hell hath marked to be the ſonne of ſhame.
Luc. Impute his wildneſſe ſyr, vnto his youth,
And thinke that now is the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,
To impriſon him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the king doth loſe his due,
O pittie him as God ſhall pittie you.
Vnc. Ladie, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But miſerie it ſelfe to chaine him with.
Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?
Vnc. I virgin, that being anſwered, *I* haue done,
But to him that is all as impoſsible,
As *I* to ſcale the hye Piramydies.
Sheriffe take your priſoner, Maiden fare thee well.
Luc. O goe not yet, good M. *Flowerdale*:
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.
Flow. *I* by God *Vncle*, and my bond too.
Luc. Alas, *I* n ere ought nothing but *I* paid it,
And I can worke, alas he can doe nothing:
I haue ſome friends perhaps will pittie me,
His chiefeſt friends doe ſeeke his miſerie.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receiue,
Shall be for you: O doe not turne away,
Me thinkes within a face ſo reuerent,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Should haue ſome feeling of a maidens griefe:
For my ſake, his fathers, and your brothers ſake,
I for your ſoules ſake that doth hope for ioy,
Pittie my ſtate: do not two ſoules deſtroy.
Vnc. Faire maid ſtand vp, not in regard of him,
But in pittie of thy hapleſſe choiſe,

I doe releaſe him, M. Sheriffe I thanke you:
And officers there is for you to drinke.
Here maide take this monie, there is a 100. Angels,
And for I will be ſure he ſhall not haue it,
Here *Keſter* take it you, and vſe it ſparingly,
But let not her haue any want at all,
Dry your eyes Neece, doe not too much lament
For him, whoſe life hath beene in royot ſpent:
If well he vſeth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a ſhamefull end on him depends.

Exit Vncle.

Flow. A plague goe with you for an old fornicator:
Come *Kyt* the monie, come honeſt *Kyt*.

Fath. Nay by my faith ſir, you ſhall pardon me.

Flow. And why ſir pardon you? giue me the mony
You old Raſcall, or *I* ſhall make you.

Luc. Pray hold your hands, giue it him honeſt friend.

Fath. If you be ſo content, with all my heart.

Flow. Content ſyr, sblood ſhee ſhall be content
Whether ſhe will or no. A rattle baby come to follow me:
Goe get you gone to the greaſie chuffe your father,
Bring me your dowrie, or neuer looke on me.

Fath. Syr ſhe hath forſooke her father, and all her friends for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with ſomething to prouide her lodging.

Flo. Yes, *I* meane to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a poſte. Ile rather throwe them at a caſt at Dice, as *I* haue done a thouſand of their fellowes.

Fath. Nay then *I* will be plaine degenerate boy,
Thou hadſt a Father would haue beene a ſhamed.

Flow. My father was an Aſſe, an old Aſſe.

Fath. Thy father? proud lycentious villaine:
What are you at your foyles, ile foyle with you.

Luc. Good ſir forbeare him.

Fath.

22333

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me,
Ide teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Goe hang, beg, starue, dice, game, that when all is gone
Thou maist after dispaire and hang thy selfe.
Luce. O doe not curse him.
Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine,
It greeues me that he beares his father name.
Flow. Well you old rascall, I shall meet with you,
Syrrha get you gone, I will not strip the liuery
Ouer your eares, because you paid for it: (not
But do not vse my name, syrrha doe you heare? looke you doe
Vse my name, you were best.
Fath. Pay me the twentie pound then, that I lent you,
Or giue me securitie, when I may haue it. none,
Flow. Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, ile giue thee
Minckins looke you doe not follow me, looke you doe not:
If you doe begger, I shall slit your nose.
Luce. Alas what shall I doe?
Flow. Why turne whore, thats a good trade,
And so perhaps ile see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas the day that euer I was borne.
Fath. Sweete mistresse doe not weepe, ile sticke to you.
Luce. Alas my friend, I know not what to do,
My father and my friends, they haue despised me:
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.
Fath. It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares
Thus staine the crimson roses of her cheekes:
Lady take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine,
I haue a little liuing in this towne,
The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose,
Ile straite goe helpe you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a seruice in this towne:

Where you ſhal know all, yet your ſelfe vnknowne:
Come greeue no more, where no helpe can be had,
Weepe not for him, that is more worſe then bad.
Luce. *I* thanke you ſyr.

Enter ſyr Laucelot, maiſter VVeathercocke and them.

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerued many a ſluttiſh tricke,
But ſuch a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a ſarued.
Lance. *Son Cinet*, daughter *Fcances*, beare with me,
You ſee how *I* am preſſed downe with inward griefe,
About that luckleſſe gyrle, your ſiſter *Luce*:
But tis fallen out with me, as with many families beſide,
They are moſt vnhappie, that are moſt beloued.
Cin. Father tis ſo, tis euen fallen out ſo,
But what remedie, ſet hand to your heart, and let it paſſe:
Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weele not ſay,
Weele bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie
Children as euer ſhe was: tho ſhe had the pricke
And praiſe for a prettie wench: *B*ut father, done is
The mouſe, youle come?
Lance. *I* ſonne *Cinet*, ile come.
Cin. And you maiſter *Oliuer*?
Oli. *I*, for che a vext out this veaſt, chill ſee if agan
Make a better veaſt there.
Cin. And you ſyr *Arthur*?
Ar. *I* ſyr, although my heart be full,
Ile be a partner at your wedding feaſt.
Cin. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Francke*-
(are you readie?
Fran. *I*eſhue how haſtie theſe husbands are, *I* pray father,
Pray to God to bleſſe me.
Lance. God bleſſe thee, and *I* doe: God make thee wiſe,
Send you both ioy, *I* wiſh it with wet eyes.

Fran. But

22333

Fran. But Father, ſhall not my ſiſter *Delia* goe along with vs?
She is excellent good at cookery and ſuch things.

Lance. Yes mary ſhall ſhe: *Delia*, make you ready.

Del. I am ready ſyr, *I* will firſt goe to *Greene-witch*,
From thence to my couſen *Cheſterfeelds*, and ſo to *London*.

Cin. It ſhall ſuffice good ſiſter *Delia*, it ſhall ſuffice,
But faile vs not good ſiſter, giue order to cookes, and others,
For *I* would not haue my ſweet *Francke*
To ſoyle her fingers.

Fran. No by my troath not I, a gentlewoman, and a married
Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cookes,
And kitchin-boyes, not *I*, y faith: *I* ſcorne that.

Cin. Why I doe not meane thou ſhalt ſweete heart,
Thou ſeeſt I doe not goe about it: well farewell too: (too?
You, Gods pitty *M. Weathercocke*, we ſhal haue your cõpany

Wea. Withall my heart, for I loue good cheare.

Cin. Well, God be with you all, come *Francke*.

Fran. God be with you father, God be with you ſyr *Arthur*,
Maiſter *Oliuer*, and maiſter *Weathercocke*, ſiſter, God be with
you all: God be with you father, God be with you euery one.

VVea. Why how now ſyr *Arthur*? all a mort maiſter *Oliuer*,
(how now man?
Cheerely ſyr *Lancelot*, and merily ſay,
Who can hold that will away.

Lance. *I* ſhee is gone indeed, poore girle vndone,
But when theyle be ſelfewilled, children muſt ſmart.

Ar. But ſyr, that ſhe is wronged, you are the chiefeſt cauſe.
Therefore tis reaſon, you redreſſe her wrong.

Wea. Indeed you muſt ſyr *Lancelot*, you muſt.

Lance. *Muſt*: who can compell me maiſter *VVeathercock*?
I hope I may doe what I liſt.

VVea. *I* grant you may, you may doe what you liſt.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well euiſen, it were not good
By this vrampolneſſe, and vrowardneſſe, to caſt away
As pretty adowſſabell, as am chould chance to ſee

In

In a Sommers day, chil tell you what chall doe,
Chil goe ſpye vp and downe the towne, and ſee if I
Can heare any tale or dydings of her,
And take her away from thick a meſſell, vor cham
Aſhured, heele but bring her to the ſpoile,
And ſo var you well, we ſhall meete at your ſonne *Cuets*.
Lance. I thanke you ſyr, I take it very kindly.
Arty. To find her out, ile ſpend my deareſt blood.
Exit both.

So well I loued her, to affect her good.
Lance. O maiſter *Weathercocke*, what hap had I, to force (my daughter
From maiſter *Oliuer*, and this good knight?
To one that hath no goodneſſe in his thought.
Wea. Ill lucke, but what remedie.
Lance. Yes I haue almoſt deuiſed a remedy,
Young *Flowerdale*, is ſhure a priſoner.
Wea. Shure, nothing more ſhure.
Lance. And yet perhaps his Vnckle hath releaſed him.
Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lance. Well if he be in priſon, ile haue warrants
To tache my daughter till the lawe be tried,
For I will ſhue him vpon couzonage.
Wea. Mary may you, and ouerthrow him too.
Lance. Nay thats not ſo, I may chance be ſcoſt,
And ſentence paſt with him.
Wea. Beleeue me ſo he may, therefore take heede.
Lance. Well howſoeuer, yet I will haue warrants,
In priſon, or at libertie, alls one:
You will helpe to ſerue them maiſter *Weathercocke*?
Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the diuell, the diuell take the dyce,
The dyce, and the diuell, and his damme goe together:

Of

22333

Of all my hundred golden angels,
I haue not left me one denier:
A poxe of come a fiue, what shall *I* doe?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But *I* haue borrowed more or lesse off:
I would I knewe where to take a good purse,
And goe cleare away, by this light ile venture for it,
Gods lid my sister *Delia*,
Ile rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.

Deli. *I* prethee *Artichoake* goe not so fast,
The weather is hot, and *I* am something wearie.
Arti. Nay *I* warrant you mistresse *Delia* ile not tire yau
With leading, weele goe an extreame moderate pace.
Flow. Stand, deliuer your purse.
Arti. O lord, theeues, theeues,

Exit Artichoake.

Flow. Come, come, your putse ladie, your purse.
Deli. That voice I haue heard often before this time,
What brother *Flowerdale*, become a theefe?
Flow. *I*, a plague ont, *I* thanke your father,
But sister, come, your mony, come:
What the world must find me, *I* am borne to liue,
Tis not a sinne to steale, when none will giue.
Deli. O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart,
Thinke of the shame that doth attend this fact.
Flow. Shame me no shames, come giue me your purse,
Ile bind you sister, least *I* faire the worse.
Deli. No, bind me not, hold there is all I haue,
And would that mony would redeeme thy shame.

Enter Oliuer syr Arthur, and Artichoake.

Arti. Theeues, theeues, theeues.
Oli. Theeues, where man? why how now mistresse *Delia*,
Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

22333

Delia. No maister *Oliuer*, tis maister *Flowerdale*, hee did but ieſt with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that ſcoundrell? ſirrha, you meten vs Well, vang thee that. (charge.

Flow. Well ſir, ile not meddle with you, becauſe I haue a

Deli. Here brother *Flowerdale*, ile lend you this ſame mony.

Flow. I thanke you ſiſter. (penny.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the mezell haue a But ſince you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my ſelfe.

Ar. Tis pittie to releeue him in this ſort,
Who makes a triumphant life, his daily ſport.

Delia. Brother, you ſee how all men conſure you,
Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.

Oly. Come, chill bring you along, and you ſafe enough
From twentie ſuch ſcoundrells as thick a one is,
Farewell and be hanged zyrrha, as I thinke ſo thou
Wilt be ſhortly, come ſyr *Arthur*.

Exit all but Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague goe with you for a karſie raſcall:
This Deuenſhyre man I think is made all of porke,
His hands made onely, for to heaue vp packs:
His hart as fat and big as his face,
As differing far from all braue gallant minds
As I to ſerue the hogges, and drinke with hindes,
As I am very neere now: well, what remedie,
When mony, meanes, and friends, doe growe ſo ſmall,
Then farewell life, and ther's an end of all. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Ciuet, and his wife miſtreſſe Frances.

Ciu. By my troath god a mercie for this good *Chriſtopher*,
I thanke thee for my maide, I like her very well,
How doeſt thou like her *Frances*?

Fran. In good ſadneſſe *Tom*, very well, excellent well,
She ſpeakes ſo prettily, I pray whats your name?

Lute. My name forſooth be called *Tamkin*.

Fran. By

Fran. By my troath a fine name, O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dreſſing one head a newe faſhion.

Luce. Me ſall doe euery ting about da head.

Cin. What countriwoman is ſhe *Keſter*?

Fath. A dutch woman ſir.

Cin. Why then ſhe is outlandiſh, is ſhe not?

Fath. I Syr ſhe is.

Fran. O then thou canſt tell how to helpe mee to cheekes (and eareſe

Luce. Yes miſtreſſe verie vell.

Fath. Cheekes and eares, why miſtreſſe *Frances*, want you Cheekes and eares? me thinkes you haue very faire ones.

Fran. Thou art a foole indeed *Tom*, thou knoweſt what I

Cin. I, I *Keſter*, tis ſuch as they weare a their heads. (meane, I prethee *Kit* haue her in, and ſhewe her my houſe.

Fath. I will ſir, come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you haue not buſſed me to day *Tom*.

Cin. No *Frances*, we muſt not kiſſe afore folkes, God ſaue me *Francke*,

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.

See yonder my ſiſter *Delia* is come, welcome good ſiſter.

Fran. Welcome good ſiſter, how do you like the tier of my

Delia. Very well ſiſter. (heade

Cin. I am glad you're come ſiſter *Delia* to giue order for Supper, they will be here ſoone.

Arty. I, but if good luck had not ſerued, ſhe had Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like To peppord vs, but for maiſter *Oliuer*, we had bin robbed.

Del. Peace ſyrrha, no more.

Fath. Robbed! by whom?

Arty. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned theefe.

Cin. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praiſed For your eſcape, will you draw neere ſiſter?

Fath. Syrrha come hither, would *Flowerdale*, hee that was my maiſter, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

22333

Arty. Yes yfaith, euen that *Flowerdale*, that was thy maiſter.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French crowne, and ſpeake no more of this.

Arty. Not *I*, not a word, now do I ſmell knauerie:
In euery purſe *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe:
And giues me this to keepe counſell, no not a word *I*.

Fath. Why God a mercy.

Fran. Siſter looke here, *I* haue a new Dutch maid,
And ſhe ſpeakes ſo fine, it would doe your heart good.

Cit. How doe you like her ſiſter?

Deli. I like your maide well.

Cit. Well deare ſiſter, will you draw neere, and giue directions for ſupper, gueſſe will be here preſently.

Delia. Yes brother, leade the way ile follow you.

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

Harke you Dutch frowe a word.

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Deli. Siſter *Luce*, tis not your broken language,
Nor this ſame habit, can diſguiſe your face
From *I* that know you: pray tell me, what meanes this?

Luce. Siſter, I ſee you know me, yet be ſecret:
This borrowed ſhape, that *I* haue tane vpon me,
Is but to keepe my ſelfe, a ſpace vnknowne,
Both from my father, and my neereſt friendes:
Vntill *I* ſee, how time will bring to paſſe,
The deſperate courſe, of maiſter *Flowerdale*.

Deli. O hee is worſe then bad, *I* prethee leaue him,
And let not once thy heart to thinke on him.

Luce. Do not perſwade me, once to ſuch a thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worſe then naught:
Yet one louers time, may all that ill vndo,
That all his former life, did run into.

Therefore

Therefore kind sister doe not disclose my estate,
If ere his heart doth turne, tis nere too late. (mind,
Dely. Well, seeing no counsell can remoue your
Ile not disclose you, that art wilfull blinde. (eies,
Luc. Delia, I thank you, I now must please her
My sister *Frances,* neither faire nor wise.
Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flo, On goes he that knowes no end of his iourney,
I haue passed the very vtmost bounds of shifting,
I haue no course now but to hang my selfe:
I haue liued since yesterday two a clocke, of a
Spice-cake I had at a buriall: and for drinke,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will beare out a man, if he haue no mony indeed.
I meane out of their companyes, for they are men
Of good carriage. Who comes heere?
The two Conycatchers, that woon all my mony of
Ile trie if thay le lend me any. (me.

Enter Dicke and Rafe.

What M. *Richard* how doe you?
How doest thou *Rafe?* By God gentleme the world
Growes bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel betweene you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.
Rafe. How, an Angel? God damb vs if we lost not euery
Peny, within an houre after thou wert gone.
Flow. I prethy lend me so much as will pay for my supper,
Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.
Rafe. I faith, we haue haue not a farthing, not a myte:
I wonder at it M. *Flowerdale,*
You will so carelesly vndo your selfe,
Why you will loose more mony in an houre,

22333

Then any honeſt man ſpend in a yeare,
For ſhame betake you to ſome honeſt Trade,
And liue not thus ſo like a Vagabond.

Exit both.

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villaines you:
They gaue me counſell that firſt cozend me:
Thoſe Diuels firſt brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the firſt that doe me wrong.
Well, yet I haue one friend left in ſtore,
Not farre from hence, there dwels a Cokatryce,
One that I firſt put in a ſatten gowne,
And not a tooth that dwell within her head,
But ſtands me at the leaſt in 20. pounds:
Her will I viſite now my coyne is gone,
And as I take it heere dwelles the Gentlewomen.
What ho, is Miſtreſſe *Apricocke* within?

Enter Ruffyn.

Ruff. What ſawſie Raſcall is that which knocks ſo bold,
O, is it you? old ſpend-thrift, are you here?
One that is turned Cozoner about the towne?
My Miſtreſſe ſaw you, and ſends this word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the doore,
Or you ſhall haue ſuch a greeting ſent you ſtrait,
As you will little like on, you had beſt be gone.

Flow. Why ſo, this is as it ſhould be, being poore,
Thus art thou ſerued by a vile painted whoore.
Well, ſince thy damned crew doe ſo abuſe thee,
Ile try of honeſt men, how they will vſe mee.

Enter an auncient Citizen.

Sir I beſeech you to take compaſsion of a man,
One whoſe Fortunes haue beene better then at this inſtant they ſeeme to bee: but if I might craue of you ſo much little portion, as would bring mee to my friends, I ſhould reſt thankfull, vntill I had requited ſo great a curteſie.

Citizen.

Citizen. Fie, fie, yong man, this course is very bad,
Too many such haue wee about this Cittie,
Yet for *I* haue not seene you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common begger:
Hold theres an Angel, to beare your charges,
Downe, goe to your freinds, do not on this depend,
Such bad beginnings oft haue worser ends. *Exit Cit.*

Flow. Worser endes: nay, if it fall out
No worse then in old angels *I* care not,
Nay now *I* haue had such a fortunate beginning,
*I*le not let a sixepennie-purse escape me,
By the Masse, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.

God blesse you faire Mistresse,
Now would it please you gentlewoman to looke into the wants of a poore Gentle-man, a yonger brother. *I* doubt not but God will treble restore it backe againe, one that neuer before this time demanded pennie, hallpenie, nor farthing.

Citiz. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by my troth a very proper man, and tis great pittie: hold my friend, theres all the monie *I* haue about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse thee.

Flow. Now God thanke you sweete Lady: if you haue any friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a poore gentleman as your friend, *I* am yours to command in all secret seruice.

Citiz. *I* thanke you good friend, *I* prethy let me see that againe, I gaue thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, giue me them, and here is halfe a crowne in gold. *He giues it her.* Nowe out vpon thee Rascall, secret seruice: what doest thou make of mee? it were a good deede to haue thee whipt: now I haue my money againe, ile see thee hanged before I giue thee a pennie: secret seruice: on good *Alexander.*

Exit both.

Flow. This

22333

Flow. This is villanous lucke, I perceiue diſhoneſtie
Will not thriue: here comes more, God forgiue mee,
Sir *Arthur*, and M. *Oliuer*, afore God, Ile ſpeake to them,
God ſaue you Sir *Arthur*: God ſaue you M. *Oliuer*.

Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliuer.

Oli. Byn you there zyrrha, come will you ytaken yout ſelfe
To your tooles, Coyſtrell?

Flow. Nay, M. *Oliuer*, Ile not fight with you,
Alas ſir you know it was not my dooings,
It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelots* daughter:
By God, *I* neuer meant you harme.

Oli. And whore is the Gentle-woman thy wife, Mezell?
Whore is ſhee, Zyrtha, ha?

Flow. By my troth M. *Oliuer*, ſicke, very ſicke;
And God is my Iudge, *I* know not what meanes to make for
her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is ſhe ſicke? tell me true itch viſe thee?

Flow. Yes faith, *I* tell you true: M. *Oliuer*, if you would
doe mee the ſmall kindneſſe, but to lend me fortie ſhillings:
So God helpe me *I* will pay you ſo ſoone as my abilitie ſhall
make me able, as *I* am a gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaiſt thy wife is zicke: hold, thers vortie
ſhillings, giued it to thy wife, looke thou giue it her, or *I* ſhall
zo veze thee, thou wert not ſo vezed this zeuen yeare, looke
too it.

Art. Yfaith M. *Oliuer*, it is in vaine
To giue to him that neuer thinkes of her.

Oli. Well, would che could ymind it, (man.

Flow. I tell you true, ſir *Arthur*, as I am a gentle-

Oli. Well fare you well zyrrah: come ſir *Arthur*.

Exit both.

Flow. By the Lord this is excellent,
Fiue golden Angels compaſt in an houre,
If this trade hold, ile neuer ſeeke a new.

Welcome

Welcome ſweet golde and beggery adue.

Enter Vnckle and Father.

Vnc. See *Keſter* if you can find the houſe.

Flow. Whoſe here, my Vnckle, and my man *Keſter*?
By the maſſe tis they.
How doe you Vnckle, how doſt thou *Keſter*?
By my troath Vnckle, you muſt needes lend
Me ſome mony, the poore gentlewoman
My wife, ſo God helpe me, is verie ſicke,
I was robde of the hundred angels
You gaue me, they are gone.

Vnc. *I* they are gone indeed, come *Keſter* away.

Flow. Nay Vnckle, do you heare? good Vnckle.

Vnc. Out hypocrite, I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Come leaue him *Keſter*.

Flow. *Keſter*, honeſt *Keſter*.

Fath. Syr, I haue thought to ſay to you,
Open the doore to my kin, thou hadſt beſt
Lockt faſt, for theres a falſe knaue without.

Flow. you are an old lying Raſcall,
So you are.

Exit both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you yonker?

Flow. By this light a Dutch Froe, they ſay they are calde Kind, by this light ile try her.

Luce. Vat bin you yonker, why doe you not ſpeake?

Flow. By my troath ſweet heart, a poore gentleman that would deſire of you, if it ſtand with your liking, the bountie of your purſe.

Enter father.

Luce. O here God, ſo young an armine.

Flow. Armine ſweet-heart, I know not what you meane by that, but *I* am almoſt a begger.

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your vife?
Here is all I haue, take dis.

Flow. What gold young Froe? this is braue.

Fath. If he haue any grace, heele now repent,

Luce. Why

22333

Luce. Why ſpeake you not, were he your vife?

Flow. Dead, dead, ſhees dead, tis ſhe hath vndone me,
Spent me all *I* had, and kept rafcalls vnder mine nofe to braue (me.

Luce. Did you vſe her vell?

Flow. Vſe her, theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England* could be better vſed then ſhe did her. I could but Coatch her, her diet ſtood me in fortie pound a moneth, but ſhee is dead and in her graue, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not ſcone.

Fath. He is turned more diuell then he was before.

Flow. Thou doeſt belong to maiſter *Ciuet* here, doeſt thou (not?

Luce. Yes me doe.

Flow. Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate
But belongs to me, Gods my Iudge:
If *I* had but ſuch a wench as thou art,
Theres neuer a man in *England* would make more
Of her, then *I* would doe, ſo ſhe had any ſtocke.

They call within.

O why *Tanikin.*

Luce. Stay one doth call, I ſhall come by and by againe.

Flow. By this hand, this *Dutch* wench is in loue with me,
Were it not admirall to make her ſteale
All *Ciuets* Plate, and runne away.

Fath. Twere beaſtly. O maiſter *Flowerdale*,
Haue you no feare of God, nor conſcience?
What doe you meane, by this vilde courſe you take?

Flow. What doe *I* meane, why to liue, that I meane.

Fath. To liue in this ſort, fie vpon the courſe,
Your life doth ſhow, you are a verie coward.

Flow. A coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow ſixpence of a boy.

Flow. Snailes is there ſuch cowardice in that, *I* dare
Borrow it of a man, *I* and of the talleſt man
In England, if he will lend it me,
Let me borrowe it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare.

And it is well knowne, I might a rid out a hundred times
If I would: so I might.
Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they
And what is that but onely stealth in you, (gaine:
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart
Take pittie of you for her sisters sake.
Goe get you hence, least lingering here you stay,
You fall into their hands you looke not for.
Flow. Ile tarie here, till the Dutch Froe
Comes, if all the diuels in hell were here.

Exit. Father.

Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke, and Artichoake.

Luce. Where is the doore, are we not past it *Artichoake*?
Arty. Bith masse heres one, ile aske him, doe you heare sir?
What are you so proud? doe you heare, which is the way
To maister *Ciuets* house? what will you not speake?
O me, this is filching *Flwoerdale*.
Lance. O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here?
O you cheating Roague, you cut-purse conicatcher,
VVhat ditch you villaine, is my daughters graue?
A cozening rascall, that must make a will,
Take on him that strict habit, very that:
VVhen he should turne to angell, a dying grace,
Ile father in lawe you syr, ile make a will,
Speake villaine, wheres my daughter?
Poysoned *I* warrant you, or knocked a the head: will,
And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, with his fordged
And maister *Weathercocke*, to make my grounded resolution,
Then to abuse the Deuenshyre gentlemen:
Goe, away with him to prison.
Flow. VVherefore to prison? syr *I* will not goe.

Enter maister Ciuet his wife, Oliuer, syr Arthur, Father, and Vnckle Delia.

22333

Luce. O heeres his Vnckle, welcome gentlemen, welcome
Such a cozoner gentlemen, a murderer too (all,
For any thing *I* know, my daughter is missing:
Hath bin looked for, cannot be found, a vild vpon thee,
Vnc. He is my kinsman, altho his life be vilde,
Therefore in Gods name, doe with him what you will.
Lance. Marrie to prison.
Flow. Wherefore to prison? snickvp, I owe you nothing.
Lance. Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.
Flow. Goe seeke your daughter, what doe you lay to my (charge,
Lance. Suspition of murder, goe away with him.
Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,
Come Vnckle, I know youle baile me.
Vnc. Not *I*, were there no more,
Then I the Taylor, thou the prisoner.
Lance. Goe away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frowe.

Luce. O my life here, where will you ha de man?
Vat ha de younker done?
Wea. Woman he hath kild his wife.
Luce. His vife, dat is not good, dat is not seene.
Lance. Hang not vpon him huswife, if you doe ile lay you (by him.
Luce. Haue me no, and or way doe you haue him,
He tell me dat he loue me hartily.
Fran. Lead away my maide to prison, why *Tom* will you (suffer that?
Cin. No by your leaue father, she is no vagrant:
She is my wiues chamber maid, & as true as the skin between
any mans browes here.
Lance. Goe too, you're both fooles: sonne *Cinet*,
Of my life this is a plot,
Some stragling counterfait preferd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your plate and Iewels,
Ile haue you led away to prison trull.
Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe,
Nor he, nor I shall to the prison goe:
Know you me now? may neuer stand amazed.

Father,

Father I know *I* haue offended you,
And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees
To you in dutie and obedience:
Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeeld
My loue, my dutie and my humbleneſſe.
Lanc. Baſtard in nature, kneele to ſuch a ſlaue?
Luce. O M. *Flowerdale*, if too much griefe
Haue not ſtopt vp the orgens of your voyce,
Then ſpeake to her that is thy faithfull wife,
Or doth contempt of me, thus tye thy tongue:
Turne not away, I am no Æthyope,
No wanton *Creſſed*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy loſſe.
What turnſt thou ſtill from me? O then
I geſſe thee wofulſt among hapleſſe men.
Flow. I am indeed wife, wonder among wiues!
Thy chaſtitie and vertue hath infuſed
Another ſoule in mee, red with defame,
For in my bluſhing cheekes is ſeene my ſhame.
Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee truſt him not.
Luce. Not truſt him, by hopes after bliſſe,
I know no ſorrow can be compar'd to his.
Lan. Well ſince thou weart ordain'd to beggery,
Follow thy fortune, I defie thee *I*.
Oly. Y wood che were ſo well ydouſſed as was euer white cloth in a tocking mill, and chea ha not made me weepe.
Fath. If he hath any grace heele now repent.
Art. It moues my heart.
Wea. By my troth I muſt weepe, *I* can not chuſe.
Uncle. None but a beaſt would ſuch a maide miſuſe.
Flow. Content thy ſelfe, I hope to win his fauour,
And to redeeme my reputation loſt,
And Gentlemen beleeue me, *I* beſeech you,
I hope your eyes ſhall behold ſuch change,
As ſhall deceiue your expectation.
Oly. I would che were ſplit now, but che beleeue him.
Lance. How, beleeue him. *Wea.* By the mackins, I doe.
Lance. What doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

22333

Wea. By my faith it will goe hard.

Oly. Well che vorye he is changed: and M. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold theres vortie pound toward your zetting vp: what bee not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, bee a good husband, louen your wife: and you shall not want for vortie more, *I* che vor thee.

Arth. My meanes are little, but if youle follow (me,
I will instruct you in my ablest power:
But to your wife *I* giue this Diamond,
And proue true *Dimond* faire in all your life.

Flow. Thankes good sir *Arthur*, M. *Oliuer*,
You being my enemie, and growne so kind,
Bindes mee in all indeuour to restore.

Oly. What, restore me, no restorings man,
I haue vortie pound more for *Luce*, here vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* els, what do not thinke me
A Mezel or a Scondrell to throw away my money, che haue a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: *I* hope your vnder and your vncle here wil vollow my zamples.

Vncle. You haue gest right of me, if he leaue of this course of life, he shall be mine heire.

Lan. But he shall neuer get a groat of me,
A Cozoner, a deceiuer, one that kild his painefull
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearefull
Danger of the sea, to get him liuing and maintaine (him braue.

Wea. What hath he kild his father?

Lance. *I* sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinformed. (selfe.

Lanc. Why thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy

Fa. *I* wrong'd him then and toward my M. stock,
Thers 20. Nobles for to make amends.

Flo. No *Kester*, *I* haue troubled thee, and wrong thee
What thou in loue giues, I in loue restore. (more,

Frã. Ha, ha, sister, there you playd bo-peepe with
Tom, What shall *I* giue her toward houshold?
Sister *Delia*, shall I giue her my *Fanne*?

Del. You were best aske your husband. *Fran.* Shal *I Tom*?

Ciuet. *I* do *Franck*, ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Franck.

Franck. A ruſſet one *Franke. Cuit.* I with ruſſet feathers.
Fran. Here ſiſter, theres my *Fanne* toward houſhold, to
Luce. I thanke you ſiſter. (keepe you warme.
Wea. Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* ſtocke, heres fortie ſhillings: and fortie good ſhillings more, *Ile* giue her marrie. Come ſir *Lancelot*, *I* muſt haue you friends.
Lance. Not *I*, all this is counterfeit,
He will conſume it, were it a Million.
Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?
Lance. Had ſhe been married to an honeſt man,
It had beene better then a thouſand pound.
Fath. Pay it him, and ile giue you my bond,
To make her ioynter better worth then three.
Lance. Your bond ſir, why what are you?
Fath. One whoſe word in *London* tho *I* ſay it,
Will paſſe there for as much as yours. (man?
Lanc. VVeart not thou late that vnthrifts ſeruing-
Fath. Looke on me better, now my ſcarre is off.
Nere muſe man at this metamorphoſie.
Lance. M. *Flowerdale.*
Flow. My father, *O* I ſhame to looke on him.
Pardon deare father the follyes that are paſt.
Fa. Sonne, ſonne I doe, and ioy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maide,
Whom heauen hath ſent to thee to ſaue thy ſoule.
Luc. This addeth ioy to ioy, hie heauen be prais'd.
Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome frō death, good M. *Flowerdale.*
Twas ſed ſo here, twas ſed ſo here good faith.
Fath. *I* cauſed that rumour to be ſpred my ſelfe.
Becauſe ide ſee the humours of my ſonne,
Which to relate the circumſtance is needleſſe:
And ſirra ſee you runne no more into that ſame diſeaſe:
For he thats once cured of that maladie,
Of Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,
And falles againe into the like diſtreſſe,
That feuor is deadly, doth till death indure:
Such men die mad as of a callenture.
Flow. Heauen helping me, ile hate the courſe as hell.

Vncle.

22333

Unc. Say it and do it Coz

Lanc. Wel being in hope

I take you to my fauour bro

Welcome with all my heart

Hath brought these acts to t

And I am glad of it, come le

Old. Nay zoft you awhile,

Sir *Arthur* and me amends

Daughter, see which ans the

Lanc. A Gods name, you

Old. How say you then D

Delia. I sir, am yours.

Old. Why, then send for a

Dispatched in a trice so chill,

Delia. Pardon me sir, I m

In loue, in dutie: and affecti

But not to loue as wife, shall

Delia was buried married, bu

Arth. Doe not condemne

Vertuous faire, you were bo

Old. Why you say true sir *A*

So well as her mother: but

Some zamples or reasons wh

Del. Not that *I* doe conde

For tis no doubt a sanctimon

But for the care and crosses o

The trouble in this world th

My vow is in heauen in earth

Husbands howsoeuer good, I

Old. Why then chil will line

Che zet not a vig by a wife, if

By me: Come shalls go to di

Fa. To morrow I craue you

To night weele frolike in M.

And to each health, drinke do

FINIS

THE FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY
PIONEER NO 4503
NOT TO BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT SPECIFIC PERMISSION

lon Prodigall.

ozen, all is well. (man,
ope youle proue an honeſt
brother *Flowerdale*,
art: *I* ſee your care
to this concluſion,
e lets in and feaſt.
le, you promiſed to make
nds, here is your wiſeſt
heele haue, (hers,
u haue my good will, get
Damſell, tyters hate?

a Vicar, and chil haue it
ill.
meane *I* am yours,
ction.
ll neere be ſaid,
but a mayd.
ne your ſelfe for euer
borne to loue. (it
Arthur ſhe was ybere to
ut *I* pray you ſhew vs
why you will not marry?
demne a married life,
onious thing:
of a wife,
that children bring,
th to liue alone,
d, I will haue none.
iue Batcheller too,
, if a wife zet not a vig
dinner? (lane.
our companies in *Mark-*
M. Cimes houſe,
downe a full carouſe.

I S.